



No Strings Attached



👁 367 ✓ 33 ★ 31

Chapter 1 by ~Afraser~

Snap. There goes another of my strings. Two have gone in the last week. Most of my friends have only lost 1 in their whole life. Up until this week I hadn't lost any whereas my mum had lost 4 and my dad lost 5. They are 40 and 42 and I am 15.

I get a terrible feeling whenever I hear that terrifying sound. It is the gate way to death. One year ago my grandfather heard his last string snap. That was a traumatic day for me and mum. The strange thing was that at that exact moment my grandmother heard her ninth string snap but didn't seem sad. If anything she looked happy.

Chapter 2 by ☆ Holly ☆



I always fear the day I will reach the same fate as my grandfather, when my final string snaps. When we are made, we have 10 strings attached, but as we get older, our strings snap more.

I worry for my dad, he has 5 strings left, I don't know what I will do without him and my mum, I am nothing without them. Maybe there is a way to never suffer leaving them...

If I take a knife and cut all my strings off I will never have to watch my parents die. But then my parents will watch me die. I don't think they want that.

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Chapter 3 by John



One day, I awake to another snap which makes me jump. I guess that is just when I snapped myself. I had lost all fear of dying because I didn't want to fear the sound of snapping forever. I rip off the remaining strings ready for death. My body just lies there frozen in that twisted shape. Then I try to move my arm, it works I'm not dead. I quickly get up and rush over to my mum and dad. I violently shake them awake. As they start to realize what is happening I start to rip their strings off. They beg for me to stop but I ignore their cry's. They both fall and I tell them to get up. They rise slowly and are astonished. We start ripping off the strings of others. When we are almost done something walks into the room. The puppet-master, I have only seen him a few times such as when my grandparents died and when I was born. He grabs some of the newly cut. The rest of us run shoving others to the ground. We all make it to a small whole in the wall. Distraught I turn and declare the phrase that will keep us going throughout this journey. We are string less and nobody shall control our moves. We have No Strings Attached!

Chapter 4 by The Harlequeen



No Strings! No Strings! No Strings! The chant echoes in my head as we run down the corridor, through the walls, through the entire building! We are free to do as we please! Then I hear it. A high pitched scream resonating through the wood of the walls. Please don't let it be what I think it is. Please don't let it be the rats. Please don't let it be the rats that chewed off the heads of my friends. Please don't let it be the big, greasy haired, glowing eyed, snake tailed rats.

Chapter 5 by DANDAN THE DANDAN ~ anyone still remember me?



I traced down the location of the screech and turned a corner. It was my old friend who's as old as I am, Lucy.

"Lucy what's wrong?"

She was in the corner of the room, petrified. Won't move, won't speak.

Then she pointed her woody fingers towards a half-opened door. I creeper towards it, slowly. And what I see is a scene that no one deserves to watch.

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for limbs as a tug-of-rope.

It was horrible.

"Lucy, let's get you out of here!"

I lead her out of the room to a 'safe' place. As her weak legs tries to carry her weight, I can see the puppet master's shadow around the corner.

"No, this way."

I lead her a different path, but he was there too.

Then I realised,
He was everywhere.

Chapter 6 by Queuezle



We run to the corner, but there he is, mirrored in the mirrors of the room. He stands threateningly, but doesn't say anything. Snapping his fingers, rats enter the room. I'm shaking, and Lucy falls to her knees, crying. The Puppet Master's strings, all 80 of them, float above his head. (The Puppet Masters all have longer lives than us.) In that moment of utter desperation, I know just what to do.

Reaching behind me, I grasp the knife tightly. The wood is comfortable in my hand, it's weight balanced perfectly. The rats will be here in a matter of seconds. They don't have strings, but it's rumored that every one of the Puppet Master's strings represent one rat. It's only a rumor, but it's the best I have.

He's so close... Closer... Closer... Until I can see the whiskers above his wooden lip. Wait, wait, wait, and, NOW!

With a cry, I wrench my knife above his head, slicing through the mass of silvery strings. The rats pause, then topple. Air deflates from a hole through the top of their heads, until there are only bags lying on the ground. But... But... See more of Story Wars

NO!

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'You have killed them,' the Puppet Master whispers venomously, the first time I've ever heard him speak. 'But not me. No, not me.' and he leaps towards me and-

Chapter 7 by ~Afraser~



He strikes with his bare fist. I dodge, retaliating by punching him in his nose. But all I achieve is a single chip. He strikes back going for my strings but wait... I have none! Then I see my hope. One, single string. He was trying to hide it to make me think that he was immortal but even the creator of life has a limited amount of it.

With my knife still in hand I slice the remaining string and without looking back, grab Lucy and start running. After a few metres I can't resist so I look back and see the puppet master running.

No longer the puppet master but a puppet. I see him stumbling like he has never walked before and then I remember. Every time I have seen him he has been hovering. Hovering on an invisible force effortlessly. That was just one of the perks of being the puppet master. Now that he is normal he is walking for the first time.

But he won't be a learner for long. I have to run!

Chapter 8 by Animite



With Lucy sprinting ahead of me, I start to run. But then I come to a sudden halt. I think about the puppet master. He's normal. Just a mortal being like me. Why should I be afraid of him now?

With brash courage at my back, I turn heel and march right back to the old fruitcake still trying to get the use of normal legs.

"I'm not afraid of you, old man," I proclaim, waving the knife in front of his face. "I think you should answer for all the grief you've put us through. Put me through. You killed my grandparents and you were about to kill my dad. I can't forgive you for that."

"You fool," the puppet master hisses. "We don't have time for idle threats. The cutting of my

string has brought only death on us all. Destroying a thread, no even a slight breath on a thread, will no doubt alert her. She will catch us. We must flee, child! We must hide ourselves in a place she cannot find us."

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"Lies!" I shout waving the knife over my head. "You were the only one who caused..."

"Wendell, my servant. Why have you betrayed me?" A resonating unearthly voice says from a dark corner above us.

The puppet master's eyes grow wide with alarm. "It's too late!" he shouts. "She has responded more quickly than I could imagine. Help me escape boy, or we will both meet our fate!"

Chapter 9 by Queuezle



'Help *you* escape?!' I whirl around, my knife clutched tightly in my fingers. 'Never. I would never do that! You deserve every single *bit* of your fate.'

The puppet master gives a feeble little cry, the type of cry a pouty 5 year old might gurgle. 'You... you don't understand. I'm sorry. Forgive me.'

My heart cracks, just a little. In his moment of weakness, the puppet master is now begging for forgiveness. Begging for *my* forgiveness. I remember the rats, Lucy, my parents, my *grandparents*. I see Lucy's mum and dad framed in the blood-splattered door frame, ripped to pieces, chew-toys for a dog.

No, the puppet master, as feeble and weak as he may be, doesn't deserve it anyone's forgiveness.

'No,' I say, and I am ice. Cold and brittle and unforgiving.

'You'll doom us all,' the old man's voice builds into a high-pitched warble. 'You'll doom as all!' He hesitates, and his eyes droop to the floor. 'At least let me touch you.'

The very thought disgusts me. 'Touch me?'

'You hate me, and I am certain of that.' When he looks up, his eyes are the very definition of regret and sorrow. 'But you have no idea what it is like to be a puppet master.'

'You watch your family die,' he continued, 'you watch thousands of strings snap in front of your

eyes, as yours remain long and intact. I haven't had contact with another living thing as long as I can remember, and oh, I can remember. I can remember your grandmother's. Your grandmother was born, I think, in 1912. I was born in 1942. I was your entire world was my plaything. I understand you. I understand you. I understand you. But grant me one last favour. Grant me a dying man's wish. I only want to feel a warm hand that beats with life!

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He is harmless. he has done nothing to deserve this, it's true, but if I deny him this, I'll be just as bad as he is. Here he is, begging for forgiveness, and I don't give him it. What kind of monster am I?

I step closer and into his range.

The next thing I know, he has my knife to my throat. It was all an act!

Chapter 10 by Saita



"Y...you!" I manage to spit out those words, trying to get the knife away from me. The Puppet Master uses his finger to control the knife with just one string.

One finger.

He wears a crooked smile, one that looks as he won something. And he has.

My soul vitality.

"You're more gullible than I thought. More gullible and stupid than those wooden toys known as 'Lucy's parents'..." The knife is daring toward me.

Monster, no, demon! No....there isn't anything as cruel to describe the Puppet Master. What a cruel, sick creature. I'm blinded by hatred, only to realize that this situation is my fault.

I'm the one who actually thought I could trust the Puppet Master.

"Yeah, I am pretty foolish," I say smugly. He looks somewhat surprised.

At that moment, I grabbed the string that was attached to the knife.

It was sharper than anything I've ever known, cutting me. I try to hide the pain, as the blood runs down my arm. My arm starts to soak up the blood, as my wooden arm turns into a weak blood red.

I keep pulling and tugging at the string, but I'm not giving up! Not now...or ever.

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Suddenly, the string breaks, and the knife is no longer under my control. My face scrunches up as the sound I make is a cry for help.

One string was painful enough. I wonder how it would be if it wasn't just one string...

He's furious. "Well, well, well... 'The one who refuses to die.' What power!" The Puppet Master says, in a sarcastic, booming tone.

"I knew

this day

would

come..."

The Puppet Master leans over our world and scans the whole area like crazy.

"What are you doing?!" Confused, still, the pain from that string keeps radiating back to me in a cruel cycle. It's gone, then slowly, the pain comes back.

He does a crazily smirked smile on his plastic face. What a clown face the Puppet Master had at that moment.

Suddenly, he swiftly grabbed a wooden doll. It didn't take me long to realize who it was.

It was Lucy.

Lucy, screamed for help "Ace, ace! Help me!" Her wooden body twists and turns, trying to escape. The Puppet Master starts to twist her body in a way that she didn't like. The wood started to crack.

At that moment, I knew I had to do something. Something inside of me rushed in. (I...I have to stop him before he devours Lucy's Soul/Vitality!) I was too deep in my thoughts to realize the

screams of terror coming from Lucy.

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Lucy's vitality was already
an aura

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coming of Lucy. Kinda like

I quickly snap back to reality and try to calculate with my knife. Slowly...steady.....and position yourself. Now, come up with a badass line!

My words weren't badass, but semi-cool rather.

"You may toy with us, but I'll let you know....

That we have No Strings Attached!"

I throw the knife, and it makes a direct hit at the puppet master's plastic face. He ends up dropping Lucy.

Lucy, coughing, gets up after having her body all twisted up.

"Thank you! You saved my li- SHUSH! No time for talking. You run along Lucy....sorry" Looking upset, she does as I tell her and runs as fast as she can.

The Puppet Master screams and wails in agony. But the plastic starts to melt a bit. He has an insane look on his face. Or at least, what's left to be even considered a face.

The Puppet Master himself begins to twist in turn, as he turns into an indescribable black beast.

Now his true form shows.

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